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ON

THE MUCH LAMENTED

DEATH

OF THE

Russell (J.) Marquis of Tavistock

MARQUIS of TAVISTOCK.

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Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt. VIRG.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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OF THE

MARQUIS of TAVISTOCK.

——— Virtuous Youth!
Thank Heav'n, I knew thee not—I ne'er ſhall feel
The keen Regret thy drooping Friends ſuſtain;
Yet will I drop the ſympathizing Tear,
And this laſt Tribute to thy Memory bring;
Not that thy noble Birth provokes my Song,
Or claims ſuch Offering from the Muſes Shrine;
But that thy ſpotleſs undiſſembling Heart,

Thy unaffected Manners, all-unſtain'd
With Pride of Pow'r, and Inſolence of Wealth;
Thy Probity, Benevolence, and Truth,
(Beſt Inmates of Man's Soul) for ever loſt,
Cropt, like fair Flow'rs, in Life's meridian Bloom,
Fade undiſtinguiſh'd in the ſilent Grave.

O BEDFORD!—pardon, if a Muſe unknown,
Smit with thy Heart-felt Grief, directs her Way
To Sorrow's dark Abode, where Thee ſhe views,
Thee, wretched Sire, and pitying, hears Thee mourn
Thy RUSSEL's Fate—"Why was He thus belov'd?
"Why did he bleſs my Life?"—Fond Parent, ceaſe;
Count not his Virtues o'er—Hard Taſk!—Call forth
Thy firm hereditary Strength of Mind.
Lo! where the Shade of thy great Anceſtor,
Fam'd RUSSEL ſtands, and chides thy vain Complaint;
His philoſophic Soul, with Patience arm'd,

And Chriſtian Virtue, brav'd the Pangs of Death;
Admir'd, belov'd, He dy'd; (if right I deem),
Not more lamented than thy virtuous Son:
Yet calm thy Mind; ſo may the lenient Hand
Of Time, all-ſoothing Time, thy Pangs aſſwage,
Heal thy ſad Wound, and cloſe thy Days in Peace.

See where the Object of his filial Love,
His Mother, loſt in Tears, laments his Doom:
Speak Comfort to her Soul:——
O! from the ſacred Fount, where flow the Streams
Of heav'nly Conſolation, O! one Drop,
To ſooth his hapleſs Wife! ſharp Sorrow preys
Upon her tender Frame—Alas, ſhe faints,—
She falls! ſtill graſping in her Hand
The Picture of her Lord—All-gracious Heav'n!
Juſt are thy Ways, and righteous thy Decrees,
But dark and intricate; elſe why this Meed

For tender faithful Love; this ſad Return
For Innocence and Truth? Was it for this
By Virtue and the ſmiling Graces led,
(Fair Types of long ſucceeding Years of Joy),
She twin'd the votive Wreath at Hymen's Shrine,
So ſoon to fade and die?—Yet O! reflect,
Chaſte Partner of his Life! you ne'er deplor'd
His alienated Heart: (diſaſtrous State!
Condition worſe than Death!) the ſacred Torch
Burnt to the laſt its unremitted Fires!
No painful ſelf-reproach haſt thou to feel;
The conſcious Thought of every Duty paid,
This ſweet Reflection ſhall ſupport thy Mind,
Be this thy Comfort:—Turn thine Eyes a while,
Nor with that lifeleſs Picture feed thy Woe;
Turn yet thine Eyes; ſee how they court thy Smiles,
Thoſe infant Pledges of connubial Joy!
Dwell on their Looks,—and trace his Image there:

And O! ſince Heav'n, in Pity to thy Loſs,
For Thee one future Bleſſing has in Store,
Cheriſh that tender Hope—Hear Reaſon's Voice;
Huſh'd be the Storms that vex thy troubled Breaſt,
And Angels guard Thee in the Hour of Pain.
Accept this ardent Pray'r; a Muſe forgive,
Who for thy Sorrow draws the penſive Sigh,
Who feels thy Grief, tho' erſt in frolic Hour
She tun'd her comic Rhymes to Mirth and Joy,
Unſkill'd (I ween) in lofty Verſe, unus'd
To plaintive Strains, yet by ſoft Pity led,
Trembling reviſits the Pierian Vale;
There culls each fragrant Flow'r, to deck the Tomb
Where generous RUSSEL lies.——

FINIS.

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